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THE

Recruiting Officer.

A

COMEDY.

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

The Fifth Edition.

Captique dolis, donisque coacti.

Virg. Lib. II. Æneid.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Bernard Lintott, between the
two Temple-Gates, 1714.

THE
Registering Office.

COMEDY.

By the Author of the

THE

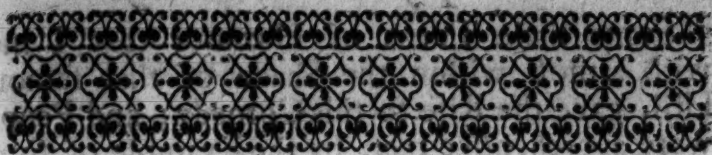
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LONDON:
Printed for Bernard Lintz, between the
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TO ALL
Friends round the *Wrekin*.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INSTEAD of the mercenary Expectations that attend Addresses of this Nature, I humbly beg, That this may be received as an Acknowledgment for the Favours you have already conferr'd : I have transgress'd the Rules of Dedication in offering you any thing in that Style, without first asking your Leave : But the Entertainment I found in *Shropshire*, commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

'Twas my good Fortune to be order'd some time ago into the Place which is made the Scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Salop*, but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen, in Recruiting the Army, with their generous and hospitable Reception of Strangers.

This Character I found so amply verify'd in every Particular, than you made Recruiting, which is the greatest Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the greatest Pleasure in the World to me.

The Kingdom cannot shew better Bodies of Men, better Inclinations for the Service, more Generosity, more good Understanding, nor more Politeness than is to be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Some little Turns of Humour that I met with almost within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the Rise to this Comedy; and People were apprehensive that, by the Example of some others, I would make the Town merry at the Expence of the Country-Gentlemen: But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel; and that whilst I held to Nature, no Person of any Character in your Country could suffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Justice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave Blockhead; and the other a worthy, honest, generous Gentleman, hearty in his Country's Cause, and of as good an Understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two of the Adventures of the *Recruiting Officer* upon the Stage. Mr. *Rich*, who commands the Company for which those Recruits were rais'd, has desir'd me to acquit him before the World of a Charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey's* third Night.

Be it known unto all Men by these Presents, That it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. Durfey's; for he won'd play his third Night against the first of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd Fowl in my Play, except one single Kite: But I presently made Plume a Bird, because of his Name, and Brazen another, because of the Feather in his Hat; and with these three I engag'd his whole Empire, which I think was as great a Wonder as any in the Sun.

But

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But to answer his Complaints more gravely, the Season was far advanc'd; the Officers that made the greatest Figures in my Play, were all commanded to their Posts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might possibly turn in less than a Day: And I know none of Mr. *Dursey's* Birds that had Posts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Season is over; so that he might put off a Day with less Prejudice than the *Recruiting Officer* cou'd; who has this farther to say for himself, that he was posted before the other spake, and could not with Credit recede from his Station.

These and some other Rubs this Comedy met with before it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had powerful Helps to set it forward: The Duke of *Ormond* encouraged the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* approv'd the Play. My *Recruits* were review'd by my *General* and my *Collonel*, and could not fail to *pass Muster*; and still to add to my Success, they were rais'd among my *Friends round the Wrekin*.

This Health has the Advantage over our other celebrated Toasts, never to grow worse for the wearing: 'Tis a lasting Beauty, old without Age, and common without Scandal. That you may live long to set it chearfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Pleasures of your fair and plentiful Country, is the hearty Wish of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,



THE PROLOGUE.

*I*N ancient Times when Hellen's fatal Charms
 Rous'd the contending Universe to Arms,
 The Græcian Council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth—to raise Recruits.
 The Artful Captain found without delay,
 Where Great Achilles, a Deserter lay.
 Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan Blows:
 Him Greece requir'd—against their Trojan Foes.
 All the Recruiting Arts were needful here,
 To raise this Great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk—He stirs, he warns
 The warlike Youth—He listens to the Charms
 Of Plunder, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms. }
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring Boy,
 And list'd him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
 Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector slain:
 Recruiting thus fair Hellen did regain.
 If for One Hellen such prodigious things
 Were acted, that they even list'd Kings;
 If for one Hellen's artful, vicious Charms,
 Half the transported World was found in Arms;
 What for so many Hellens may We dare,
 Whose Minds as well as Faces are so Fair?
 If by one Hellen's Eyes, Old Greece cou'd find
 Its Homer fir'd to write—Ev'n Homer blind;
 The Britains sure beyond compare may write,
 That view so many Hellens ev'ry Night.

EPILOGUE.

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to see the Comedy call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to morrow Night, by six a Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-lane*, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

*We scorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Who Europe now obeys the Call of Drum.
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps of Volunteers:
He finds that Musick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses Musick to invite ye.*

Beat the *Granadeer March*----Row, row, row----Gentlemen, this piece of Musick, call'd, *An Overture to a Battle*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian Master*, and was perform'd with wonderful Success, at the great *Opera's* of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenheim*; it came off with the Applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their *Delicatest*.

*Some that have acted on those glorious Stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding Ages,
That no Musick like the Granadeer's engages.*

Ladies, we must own, that this Musick of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bonancini's*; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People asleep than all the *Camilla's* in the World; and you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The *Granadeer March* seems to be a Composition excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *English*, for no Musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the present Subscription, We must say, that the *Granadeer March* has been subscrib'd for by the whole *Grand Alliance*: And we presume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In short, to gratify the present Taste, our Author is now adapting some Words to the *Granadeer March*, which he intends to have perform'd to Morrow, if the Lady, who is to sing it, should not happen to be sick.

*This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Musick's Call, tho' you shou'd damn his Play.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Ballance,	} Three Justices.	Mr. Keen.
Mr. Scale,		Mr. Phillips.
Mr. Scruple,		Mr. Kent.

Mr. Worthy, a Gent. of Shropshire. Mr. Williams.

Capt. Plume,	} Two Recruiting Officers.	Mr. Wilks.
Capt. Brazen,		Mr. Cibber.

Kite, Serjeant to Plume. Mr. Estcourt.

Bullock, a Country Clown. Mr. Bullock.

Coflar Pear-main	} Two Recruits	Mr. Norris.
Tho. Apple-Tree,		Mr. Fairbank.

W O M E N.

Melinda, a Lady of Fortune Mrs. Rogers.

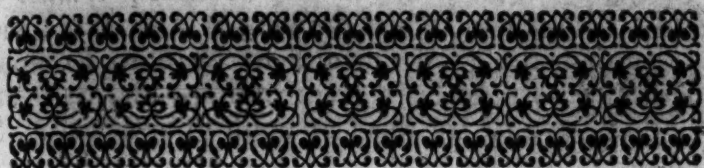
Sylvia, Daughter to Ballance	}	Mrs. Oldfield.
in Love with Plume.		

Lucy, Melinda's Maid. Mrs. Sapsford.

Rose, a Country Wench. Mrs. Mountfort.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, SHREWSBURY.



THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place---Drum beats
the Granadeer-March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, follow'd by the Mob.

Kite making
a Speech.



IF any Gentlemen Soldiers,
or others, have a Mind to
serve her Majesty, and pull
down the *French King*: If
any Prentices have severe
Masters, any Children have
undutiful Parents: If any Servants have too little
Wages, or any Husband too much Wife: Let them
repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the Sign of the
Raven in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they
shall receive present Relief and Entertainment—
Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to insnare or
enveigle any Man! for you must know, Gentlemen,
that I am a Man of Honour: Besides, I don't beat
up for common Soldiers; no, I list only Granadeers,
Granadeers,

The Recruiting Officer.

Granadeers, Gentlemen—Pray, Gentlemen observe this Cap—This is the of Cap Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born six Foot high, was born to be a great Man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Mob. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap lift me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me see how it becomes you?

Mob. Are you sure there be no Conjuratation in it? No Gun-powder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Mob. My Mind misgives me plaguily—Let me see it—[*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of Sweat and Brimstone. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Mob. Pray now, what may be that same Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! a mighty large Bed! Bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware*—ten thousand People may lye in it together, and never feel one another.

Mob. My Wife and I would do well to lye in't, for we don't care for feeling one another—But do Folk sleep sound in this same Bed of Honour?

Kite. Sound! Ay, so sound that they never awake.

Mob. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? Then, I find, Brother—

Mob. Brother! Hold there, Ffriend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet.—Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a mind to lift, why so—If not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your Cap and your Brotherhood back again, for I am not dispos'd at this present Writing—No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have serv'd twenty Campaigns—But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a Man every Inch

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of you, a pretty young sprightly Fellow—I love a Fellow with a Spirit ; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base ; Tho' I must say, that never in my Life have I seen a Man better built ! how firm and strong he treads ! he steps like a Castle ; but I scorn to wheedle any Man—Come, honest Lad, will you take share of a Pot ?

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my Penny with the best He that wears a Head, that is, begging your Pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then ; and now, Gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this—Here's a Purse of Gold, and there's a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters—'Tis the Queen's Money, and the Queen's Drink—She's a generous Queen, and loves her Subjects—I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuse the Queen's Health ?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then, huzza for the Queen, and the Honour of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza !

Kite. Beat Drum.

[*Exeunt Drum beating a Granadeer's March.*

Enter Plume in a riding Habit.

Plume. By the Granadeer March, that shou'd be my Drum, and by that Shout, it shou'd beat with Success—Let me see—Four a Clock—[*Looking on his Watch.*] At ten Yesterday Morning I left London—A Hundred and Twenty Miles in Thirty Hours is pretty smart Riding, but nothing to the fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble Captain : From the Banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant Reception indeed, Mr. Kite ; I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain—Pray what Success ?

Kite.

Kite. I have been here a Week, and I have recruited Five.

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have lifted the strong Man of *Kent*, the King of the *Gypsies*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Soundrel Attorney, and a *Welch* Parson.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? Lift a Lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plume. Because I will have no Body in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions—I say this Minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the Parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are so pleas'd with your Honour, and the Justices and better sort of People are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your Business—But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here, that you little think of.

Plume. Who!

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir,——she was brought to Bed yesterday.

Plume. *Kite*, you must Father the Child.

Kite. And so her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us; she can wash you know, and make a Bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite.

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the Muster-Roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see, *Imprimis*, Mrs. *Sheely Snekereyes*, she sells Potatoes upon *Ormond-Key* in *Dublin*—*Peggy Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman at the Horse-Guard at *Whitehall*—*Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*—*Madamoiselle Van-bottom flat* at the *Buffs*—Then *Jenny Oakham*, the Ship-Carpenter's Widow, at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company—You have nam'd five—Come, make 'em half a dozen;—*Kite*,—is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine: Enter him a Granadeer by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon Furlow—I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your *German Doctor's Habit* since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the most faithful Fortune-teller that ever told a Lie—I was oblig'd to let my Landlord into the Secret, for the convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is trusted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which, I think, is all we want at present—But yonder comes your Friend Mr. *Worthy*—Has your Honour any farther Commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-cross, *Worthy*! Methinks you should hold 'em open, when a Friend's so near—The Man
has

Kite.

has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe : I must expel this melancholy Spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of Fiends, below,

Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magick Blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the Shoulder.*]

Wor. Plume ! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd !

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from Germany, and sound, I hope, from London ; you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm, nor Nose ; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with Sympathies nor Antipathies ; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roast-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man ? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in Wales, I hope ? Has your Father rose from the Dead, and re-assum'd his Estate ?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it—Your once gay, roving Friend, is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for ?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Shake Hands, Brother, if thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom ?

Plume. For a Regiment—But for a Woman ! 'Sdeath ! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition ? Pray, who is this wonderful *Hellen* ?

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Years Siege, as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt ! Pho ! Is she as great a Whore ?

Wor. No, no.

Plume.

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Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities : But who is she ?
Do I know her ?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible—I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Years Siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda* ?

Plume. *Melinda* ! Why, she began to capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offer'd to surrender upon honourable Terms; and I advis'd you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one Week to consider—When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil ! what a delicate Woman was there spoil'd ! But by the Rules of War now—
Worthy, Blockade was foolish—After such a Convoy of Provisions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you should have redoubled your Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have dy'd upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Assault, and push'd it with all my Forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a Mistress, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a Goddess, she us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.—Come, *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant Airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her
Pride

Pride by your Humility; wou'd you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of her self. Let me see; the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child—Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These wou'd be Mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise dull Place, that we can have no Balls, no Lampoons, no—

Plume. What! no Bastards! and so many Recruiting Officers in Town! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No body doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in serving your Country with your best Blood, witness our Friend *Molly* at the Castle; there have been Tears in Town about that Business, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjusted Preliminaries; but she wou'd have the Wedding before Consummation, and I was for Consummation before the Wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obstinate Fool, and wou'd lose her Maiden-head her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all.—If I shou'd, I am resolv'd never to bind my self to a Woman for my whole Life, till I know whether I shall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppose I married a Woman that wanted a

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Leg—such a thing might be, unless I examin'd the Goods beforehand—if People wou'd but try one another's Constitutions before they engag'd, it wou'd prevent all these Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not stick to say, that—

Plume. I hate Country-Towns for that Reason—if your Town has a dishonourable Thought of *Sylvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the Ground.—I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous Disposition—There's something in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a Foil to her.—The Ingratitude, Dissimulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Sister Females, do but set off their Contraries in her—In short, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reason—for were you but a Corporal, she wou'd marry you—But my *Melinda* Coquets it with every Fellow she sees—I'll lay Fifty Pound she makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay Fifty Pound that I return it, if she does—Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, Faith; I wou'd not value the Conquest, without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*—my Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well! I wish you Joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your Worship very well may—for I have got both a Wife and a Child in half an Hour—But as I was saying—You sent me to comfort Mrs.

Molly

The Recruiting Officer.

Molly—my Wife I mean—But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how!

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby-cloaths.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder cou'd send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—*Mrs. Sylvia*.
[*Whispers*.]

Plume. *Sylvia*! Generous Creature!

Wor. *Sylvia*! Impossible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir,—I took the Gold as Part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent Word the Child should be taken all imaginable Care of, and that she intended to stand God-Mother. The same Footman, as I was coming to you with this News, call'd after me, and told me, that his Lady wou'd speak with me—I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, she gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Justice *Ballance*, her Father, who is just come out of the Country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*—Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendship; shew me another Woman that wou'd lose an Inch of her Prerogative—that way, without Tears, Fits and Reproaches. The common Jealousy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice of Pleasure, she despises; and can part with the Lover, tho' she dies for the Man—Come, *Worthy*—Where's the best Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. *Horton* has a fresh Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then—*Mr. Kite*, wait on the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor.

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Wor. Hold, *Kite*,—have you seen the other Recruiting Captain?

Kite. No, Sir.

Plume. Another! who is he?

Worth. My Rival in the first place, and the most unaccountable Fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda and Sylvia meeting.

Mel. Welcome to Town, Cousin *Sylvia*, [Salute.] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country; for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the most irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noise, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretension; in short, every thing to give the Spleen—and nothing to divert it—then the Air is intolerable.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have liv'd in it! for I can assure you, that to a Lady the least nice in her Constitution—No Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air I take to be the most agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you say, Cousin *Melinda*, there are several sorts of Airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste—Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast difference in the Taste of Airs?

Syl. Pray, Cousin, are not Vapours a sort of Air? taste Air! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon Air: But prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an Air to me. Your Education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time, when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the sharp Air from the *Welsh* Mountains made our Fingers ake in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel.

The Recruiting Officer.

Mel. Our Education, Cousin, was the same, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you had the Constitution of an Horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubl'd with neither Spleen, Collick, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Harts-horn for my Head, nor Wash for my Complexion. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-Horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my Father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I am sure, I can do every thing my Mother cou'd, were I put to the Trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take Care he sha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Cousin.

Syl. And there's a Pleasure in being Mad, which none but Mad-men know.

Mel. Thou poor Romantick *Quixot*!—Hast thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly Officer, that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country-Justice, in an obscure part of the World.

Syl. Psha! what care I for his Thoughts; I shou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it shews a Narrowness of Soul. Constancy is but a dull sleepy Quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly Virtues; nor do I think it deserves a Place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Justice, and some other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In short, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches—O' my Conscience, *Sylvia*, hadst thou been a Man thou hadst been the greatest Rake in Christendom.

Syl.

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The Recruiting Officer.

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Syl. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the World, which a Man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred Friendships, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how stands your Affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my Aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say, that you shou'd not use that honest Fellow so inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and besides that he's my *Plume's* Friend; and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect Satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy your self in Breeches in good earnest——But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your Captain, for I take Him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were Mistress of Twenty thousand Pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainness of my Person, I think your Ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a Rakehell Officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you're in your own House.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I shou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubl'd, Madam, I sha'n't desire to have my Visit return'd.

Mel.

Syl.

The Recruiting Officer.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my Inclinations; so, Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Mel. Sawcy Thing!

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not see the proud Nothing, how she swell'd upon the Arrival of her Fellow.

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor sha'n't if I can help it—Let me see—I have it—Bring me Pen and Ink—hold, I'll go write in my Closet.

Luc. An Answer to this Letter, I hope, Madam. [*Presents a Letter.*]

Mel. Who sent it?

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a Fool, and I am tir'd of him, send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Messenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an Answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Justice Ballance and Plume.

Ballance. Look'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you shan't want Men. I remember that for some Years of the last War, we had no Blood, no Wounds, but in the Officers Mouths; nothing for our Millions but News-Papers not worth a

Reading—

The Recruiting Officer. 25

Reading—Our Army did nothing but play at Prison-Bars, and hide and seek with the Enemy; but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Prisoners—Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marshal of *France*, and I'll go my self for a Soldier—

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! What is my Daughter to a Marshal of *France*? We're upon a nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Description of the Battel of *Hockstat*.

Plume. The Battel, Sir, was a very pretty Battel as one shou'd desire to see, but we were all so intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battel; all that I know of the matter is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the Word, we'll do't agen. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia*?

Ball. Still upon *Sylvia*! For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War; Victory is your Mistress, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Mistress, I confess, but as a Friend, Mr. *Ballance*.

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plume. How, Sir! I hope she's not to be debauch'd.

Ball. Faith, but she is, Sir; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are; and I can guess at your Thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

B

Plume

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Comparison breaks; the Favours, Sir, that—

Ball. Pho, I hate Speeches; if I have done you any Service, Captain, 'twas to please my self, for I love thee; and if I could part with my Girl, you shou'd have her as soon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service, and she more Prudence than to follow the Camp; but she's at her own Disposal, she has fifteen hundred Pound in her Pocket, and so *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*.
[Calls.]

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are some Letters, Sir, come by the Post from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Closet.

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany*.
[Presents *Plume* to her.] Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my Letters, and wait on you. [Exit.]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England*.

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, since the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, was the principal Cause of my seeing *England*.

Syl. I have often heard, that Soldiers were sincere, shall I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Insurance; for I swear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profession, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making my self more worthy of your Esteem; and if ever I had Thoughts of preserving my Life, 'twas for the Pleasure of dying at your Feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain Will and Testament to be made before-hand.

Plume.

The Recruing Officer.

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Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open that Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battel of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the Will and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handsome and substantial Compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleas'd with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I shou'd have been in the Possession of your Legacy: But methinks, Sir, you shou'd have left something to your little Boy at the *Castle*.

Plume. That's home, [*Aside.*] My little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and so the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might support her in Case of Necessity.—That was all, Madam—My Boy! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Master has receiv'd some ill News from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way serviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The Necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either. [*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance and Sylvia.

Syl. Whilst there is Life, there is Hopes, Sir; perhaps my Brother may recover.

B 2

Ball.

Ball. We have but little Reason to expect it; Doctor *Kilman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to my Hands, he fears I shall have no Son——Poor *Owen!*——But the Decree is just, I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now I am punish'd with the Loss of an Heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you fresh Thoughts, and new Prospects.

Syl. My Desire of being punctual in my Obedience, requires that you would be plain in your Commands, Sir.

Ball. The Death of your Brother makes you sole Heiress to my Estate, which you know is about twelve hundred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality, and a Title; you must set a just Value upon your self, and in plain Terms, think no more of Captain *Plume*.

Syl. You have often commended the Gentleman, Sir.

Ball. And I do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow; but tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-Law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and Family; fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might trust in his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindness, but——ods my Life, twelve hundred Pound a Year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his Brain: A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature: Besides this, I have five or six thousand Pounds in Woods upon my Estate; Oh! That wou'd make him stark mad: For you must know, that all Captains have a mighty Aversion to Timber, they can't endure to see Trees standing. Then I shou'd have some Rogue of a Builder, by the help of his damn'd magick Art, transform my noble Oaks and Elms, into Cornishes, Portals, Sashes, Birds, Beasts and Devils, to adorn

some

The Recruiting Officer.

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some magotty, new-fashioned Bauble upon the Thames; and then you shou'd have a Dog of a Gardner bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra firma*, remove it to *Chelsea*, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into Grass-Plats, and Gravel Walks.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's one with a Letter below for your Worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, shew me the Messenger.

[Exit with Servant.]

Syl. Make the Dispute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.—If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Sister! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again,—Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Estate, a Coach and six, and an Als—That will never do neither.

Enter Justice Ballance, and Servant.

Ball. Put four Horses into the Coach. *[To a Servant, who goes out.]* Ho *Sylvia*!

Syl. Sir?

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, *Sylvia*, I must beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why shou'd you question it, Sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend; that you wou'd take the Coach this Moment, and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd just now?

Ball. No matter, I will be with you in three or four Days, and then give you my Reasons.—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn Promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, Sir.

Ball. That you will never dispose of your self to any Man, without my Consent.

Syl. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own Consent, and so, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready; farewell. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer.

[*Reads.*

S I R,

M*Y* Intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a Secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain Plume; and my Friendship, and Relation to your Family, oblige me to give timely notice of it: The Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin *Sylvia*. Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you wou'd immediately send my Cousin into the Country, is the Advice of

Sir, your humble Servant,

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age, they are ten-times worse than they were in my time; had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; but to tell Tales beforehand is monstrous—Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! Your Servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill News.

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir, you have heard that my Son *Owen* is past Recovery.

Wor.

The Recruiting Officer.

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Wor. My Letters say he's dead, Sir.

Ball. He's happy, and I'm satisfied : The Strokes of Heaven I can bear ; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you are under no Apprehension of Wrong from any Body.

Ball. You know, I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, Sir, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your Prejudice, without resenting it as much as you shou'd.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the Person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a Design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do my self Justice, and endeavour to find out the Author. [*Takes up a bir.*] Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuse to discover the Contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Ball. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumstance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me ! Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this Letter ; 'twill give me such a Power over her Pride to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand : 'Twas the luckiest Accident ! [*Gathering up the Letter.*] The Asperion, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Ball. Are you sure of that, Sir ?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the History of part of the Battel, just now, as she over-heard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the Account.

Ball. No, no, poor Girl, she's so afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company, she begg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is she gone ?

Ball. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing ;

The Recruiting Officer.

the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir!—I find her Fortune will give her the same Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough, Women are subject to Pride as we are, and why mayn't great Women as well as great Men forget their old Acquaintance?—But come, where's this young Fellow? I love him so well, it would break the Heart of me to think him a Rascal—I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aside.*] Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two Hours hence, and we should be glad of your Company.

Ball. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a Day or two to the Death of my Son: The Decorum of Mourning is what we owe the World, because they pay it to us afterwards. I'm yours over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, with a Mob in each hand drunk—Kite sings.

*Our Prentice Tom may now refuse,
To wipe his scoundrel Master's Shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away.—Over, &c.*

[*The Mob sing the Chorus.*]

*We shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and brawl both Night and Day;
Over the Hills, and far way.—Over, &c.*

Kite. Hey Boys! Thus we Soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play: We live, as one shou'd say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all Princes—Why—why, you are a King—You are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince—now—a'n't we—
ist.

The Recruiting Officer.

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1st. *Mob.* No, Serjeant, I'll be Emperor.

Kite. No!

1st. *Mob.* No, I'll be a Justice of Peace.

Kite. A Justice of Peace, Man!

1st. *Mob.* Ay, wauns will I; for since this Pressing-Act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done: You are a Justice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke a'n't I?

2d. *Mob.* Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

2d. *Mob.* I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

2d. *Mob.* Ay, Queen of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, 'faith; Huzza for the Queen. [*Huzza.*] But heark'e, you Mr. Justice, and you Mr. Queen, did you never see the Queen's Picture?

Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in Gold, and as like her Majesty, God blefs the Mark. See here, they are set in Gold. [*Takes two Broad-Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each Mob.*]

1st. *Mob.* The wonderful Works of Nature!

[*Looking at it.*]

2d. *Mob.* What's this written about? Here's a Posie, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*——What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus*!——Why, *Carolus* is Latin for Queen *Ann*; that's all.

2d. *Mob.* 'Tis a fine thing to be a Scollard——Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among Friends, you know; I'll present them to ye both: You shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills, and far away.

[*They sing, and put up the Money.*]

B 5

Enter

*The Recruiting Officer.**Enter Plume, singing.*

Plume. *Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills, and far away.*

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make
one among ye: Who are these hearty Lads?

Kite. Off with your Hats; 'Ounds, off with your
Hats: This is the Captain, the Captain.

1st. *Mob.* We have seen Captains afore now, Mun.

2d. *Mob.* Ay, and Lieutenant-Captains too; s'flesh!
I'll keep on my Nab.

1st. *Mob.* And I'se scarcely d'off mine for any Cap-
tain in *England*: My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave Fellows, that are
willing to serve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em just
now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Command.

Plume. And good Entertainment they shall have:
Volunteers are the Men I want, those are the Men fit
to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

1st. *Mob.* Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you
listed?

2d. *Mob.* Flesh! not I: Are you, *Coflar*?

1st. *Mob.* Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not listed! ha, ha, ha; a very good
Jest, I'faith.

1st. *Mob.* Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

2d. *Mob.* Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, Gentlemen. behave your
selves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas*, ho-
nest *Coflar*.

2d. *Mob.* No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay then, I command you to stay: I place
you both Centinels in this place, for two Hours, to
watch the Motion of *St. Mary's Clock*, you; and you
the Motion of *St. Chad's*: And he that dares stir from
his Post till he be reliev'd, shall have my Sword in
his Guts the next Minute.

Plume.

The Recruiting Officer. 35

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir: They disobey Command, Sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an Example to the other.

1st. Mob. Shot, *Tummas!*

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

1st. Mob. We don't know; the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Passion, Sir—but—

Kite. They disobey Command, they deny their being list'd.

2d. Mob. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot: But we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worship's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's Money?

1st. Mob. Not a brass Farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

1st. Mob. Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be list'd, and shot into the Bargain.

2d. Mob. And I, look ye here, Sir.

1st. Mob. Ay, here's my Stock too: Nothing but the Queen's Picture, that the Serjant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a Broad-piece, three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, t'other has the Fellow on't.

Plume. The Case is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found upon you: Those Pieces of Gold are worth Three and Twenty and Six-pence each.

1st. Mob. So it seems, that *Carolus* is Three and Twenty Shillings and Six-pence in *Latin*.

2d. Mob. 'Tis the same thing in *Greek*, for we are list'd.

1st. Mob. Flesh! but we a'n't *Tummas*: I desire to be carried before the Mayor, Captain. [*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*]

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kire*—your damn'd Tricks will ruin me at last—I wo'n't lose the Fellows tho', if I can help it—Well, Gentlemen, there must be some Trick in this; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly listed.

1st. Mob. Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conscience than other Folks; but for me, or Neighbour *Costar* here, to take such an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjuraton.

Plume. Look'e, Rascal, you Villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest Fellows, I'll trample you to Death, you Dog—Come, how was't?

2d. Mob. Nay, then, we'll speak; your Serjeant, as you say, is a Rogue, begging your Worship's Pardon—and—

1st. Mob. Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know I can read—And so, Sir, he gave us those two Pieces of Money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of a Present.

Plume. How! by way of a Present! The Son of a Whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest Fellows, like you! Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain!

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*]

Mob. O. brave noble Captain! Huzza! a brave Captain, faith.

1st. Mob. Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is Latin for a Beating: This is the bravest Captain I ever saw—Wounds I have a Months mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuse two such honest Fellows as you.—Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you as an Officer to list Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper, to steal Slaves.

1st. Mob. Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no Man to go with me, but as I went my self: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carry'd a Musquet, and now I command a Company.

2d. Mob. Mind that, *Costar*: A sweet Gentleman.

Plume.

The Recruiting Officer.

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Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Advantage of you; the Queen's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you were list'd; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your Liberty.

1st. Mob. Thank you, noble Captain—I cod, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

2d. Mob. Ay, *Costar*, wou'd he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you: You're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the place to make you Men for ever: Every Man has his Lot, and you have yours: What think you now of a Purse of *French* Gold out of a *Monfieur's* Pocket, after you have dash'd out his Brains with the But-End of your Firelock? eh!

1st. Mob. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World.

2d. Mob. Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas for thee, as Earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

2d. Mob. Do'na take it, do'na dear *Costar*.

[Cries and pulls back his Arm.]

1st. Mob. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my Mind gives me, that I shall be a Captain my self—I take your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I will travel the World o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your Friend with you, if you can.

[Aside.]

1st. Mob. Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

2d. Mob. No, *Costar*, I cannot leave thee—Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honefter simpler Lads in your Company, than we two been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my Lad. [Gives him Money.] Now your Name?

1st. Mob. *Tummas Appletree.*

Plume.

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Plume. And yours ?

2d. Mob. *Coslar Pairmain.*

Plume. Born where ?

1st. Mob. Both in *Herefordshire.*

Plume. Very well ; Courage, my Lads—Now we'll sing, *Over the Hills and far away.*

Courage, Boys, 'tis One to Ten,

But we return all Gentlemen, &c. [Exeunt.

The End of the Second ACT.



A C T. III.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes: We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps; Pride possesses their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Madness takes 'em by the Tails ; they snort, kick up their Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore—A couple of poor melancholly Monsters—What shall we do ?

Wor. I have a trick for mine ; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't ?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No !

Plume. No ; I think my self above administering to the Pride of any Woman, were she worth Twelve thousand a Year ; and I han't the Vanity to believe I shall ever gain a Lady worth Twelve hundred—The generous, good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire ; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune,

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Fortune, I despise—What, sneak out of Town, and not so much as a Word, a Line, a Compliment!—'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha; ay, and the Window-Bars too to come at her—Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough Military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Sir! look yonder, she's coming this way; 'tis the prettiest, cleanest, little Tit!

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to shew you how much I am in love;—here she comes; and what is that great Country-Fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Rose, and her Brother Bullock, and Chickens on her Arm in a Basket, &c.

Rose. Buy Chickens, young and tender, young and tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for your self—Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Court'sies.*

Wor. Then I must shift for my self, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

[*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Rose. As ever you tasted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your Basket to the bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your Hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the
I Price,

Price, they're fine Birds—Pray what's your Name, pretty Creature?

Rose. *Rose*, Sir: My Father is a Farmer within three short Mile o'the Town; we keep this Market; I sell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother *Bullock* there sells Corn.

Bull. Come, Sister, haste, we shall be late hoame.

[*Whistles about the Stage.*]

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*] Pretty Mrs. *Rose*—you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bull. Come, *Ruofe*, *Ruofe*, I sold fifty Strake of Barley to day in half this time; but you will higgie and higgie for a Penny more than the Commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf? I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of Four-pence, I'm sure—The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, Sir, I say, for a Crown-Piece, the Bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Rose. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my Lodging is hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*]

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his Teeth with a Pallisado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange things; but pray, Sir, what is a Ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Crust is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are somewhat hard of Digestion.

Bull. Then your Pallisado, pray what may he be? Come, *Ruofe*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Pallisado is a pretty sort of Bodkin, about the thickness of my Leg.

Bull.

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Bull. That's a Fib, I believe. [*Aside*] Eh! where's *Ruofe*? *Ruofe*! *Ruofe*! 's flesh, where's *Ruofe* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of Women, sure.

Kite. But there is, Sir.

Bull. If the Captain shou'd press *Ruofe*, I shou'd be ruin'd—Which way went she? O! the Devil take your Rablins and Pallisadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss of my Aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful Fellow in Nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my Business, I will say it—You must know, Sir, I was born a Gipsie, and bred among that Crew till I was ten Years old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from my Mother, *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman for three Pistoles, who liking my Beauty, made me his Page; there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linnen, and drinking my Lady's Ratafia; and turn'd Bailiff's Follower, there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at last got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking—So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbard, you will find the Sum Total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition, the Fears of Starving, and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman, with a fair Tongue, and fair Perriwig, who loaded me with Promises; but 'gad, it was the lightest Load that ever I felt in my Life—He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so—to a Garrot in the *Savoy*. I ask'd him why he put me in Prison; he call'd

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call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison; and indeed, 'tis a Garrison that may hold out till Doom's-day before I shou'd desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Ball. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has press'd his Sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy*?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha, I know his Sister is gone with *Plume* to his Lodging to sell him some Chickens.

Ball. Is that all? the Fellow's a Fool.

Bull. I know that, an' please you; but if your Worship pleases to grant me a Warrant to bring her before you for fear of the worst.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

[*Aside.*

Wor. Hast thou no more Sense, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can list Women.

Bull. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but, I am sure, they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your Sister?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going, than I do of the Day I shall die; but this Gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—you thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I——only that, I believe, I shall marry her to morrow.

[*Aside.*

Ball. I begin to smell Powder. Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Irish*; and so, Sir, while we were in the Heat of the Battel——the Captain carry'd off the Baggage.

Ball.

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Ball. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and desire him to discharge the Wench, tho' he has list'd her.

Ball. Ay, and if he ben't free for that, he shall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend, you shall go to my Quarters instead of the Captain's. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Kite and Bullock.*]

Ball. We must get this mad Captain his Compliment of Men, and send him a packing, else he'll over-run the Country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Disdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was just such another Fellow at his Age: I never set my Heart upon any Woman so much as to make my self uneasie at the Disappointment; but what was very surprizing both to my self, and Friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden, from the most fickle Lover, to the most constant Husband in the World. But how goes your Affair with *Melinda*?

Wor. Very slowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely; my Mistress has got a Captain too, but such a Captain! As I live, yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Sash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every Body at first sight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and no Body will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cesar* among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress; but the most surprizing part of his Character is his Memory,

which

Ball.

which is the most prodigious and the most trifling in the World.

Ball. I have met with such Men, and I take this good-for-nothing Memory to proceed from a certain Contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted to Impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the Owner having no Thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a Man as perfect a Chronologer, as to the Day and Year of most important Transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the Causes, or Consequences of any one thing of moment; I have known another acquire so much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of most Places in *Europe*, with their distances of Miles, Leagues, or Hours, as punctually as a Post-Boy; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the Horse that carries the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuses; this is the Picture, behold the Life.

Enter Brazen.
Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and so forth——Hark'e, my Dear.

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before Company is not Manners, and when no Body's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *Mor't de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear, I am your Servant, and so forth;——your Name, my Dear?

Ball. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Bra. *Laconick!* A very good Name truly; I have known several of the *Laconicks* abroad, poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the Battel of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell, we found a piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocket.

Ball. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen*?

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Braz. The *French* attack us ! Oons, Sir, are you a *Jacobite* ?

Ball. Why that Question ?

Braz. Because none but a *Jacobite* cou'd think that the *French* durst attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two and twenty *Horses* kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a dozen *Horses* at once.

Braz. What do you mean, Gentlemen ? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by Cannon-Shot, except six I stak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Frise*.

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name ?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your Service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name ; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know Captain *Plume*, Sir ?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonshire* ?—Honest *Frank* ! many, many a dry Bottle have we crack'd Hand to Fist ; you must have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter of old *Tongue-Pad*, the Master in *Chancery*, a very pretty Woman, only squinted a little ; she dy'd in Child-bed of her first Child ; but the Child surviv'd, 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul, I can't remember, [*Looking on his Watch.*] But, Gentlemen, I must meet a Lady, a twenty thousand Pounder presently, upon the Walk by the Water—*Worthy*, your Servant ; *Laconick*, yours. [Exit.]

Ball. If you can have so mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining her self a Lover, as to set me up a Rival ;
were

Braz.

were there any Credit to be given to his Words, I should believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignment; I must go see; Sir, you'll pardon me.

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business—But what have we got here?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-saddle; and I shall go to *London*, and see the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir, and please your Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride through our Grounds a hunting, begging your Worship's Pardon—Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard?

[Shewing some Lace.]

Ball. Right *Mechlin*, by this Light! Where did you get this Lace, Child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by it.

Ball. I question it much.

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell Snuff-box, and fine Mangere, see here. *[Takes Snuff affectedly.]* The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an Air.

Ball. Oho! the Captain! Now the Murther's out, and so the Captain taught you to take it with an Air.

Rose. Yes, and give it with an Air too—Will your Worship please to taste my Snuff?

[Offers the Box affectedly.]

Ball. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. And pray, what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and two or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country, they shall all go with the Captain: O, he's the finest Man, and the humblest withal; wou'd you believe it, Sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own Chamber, with as much Familiarity as if I had been the best Lady in the Land.

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Ball. O! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. But it is not so

With those that go,

Thro' Frost and Snow,

Most apropos,

My Maid with the Milking-pail.

[Takes hold of Rose.

How, the Justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd and executed.

Ball. O, my noble Captain.

Rose. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child! are you mad?—*Mr. Balance,* I am so full of Business about my Recruits, that I han't a Moment's time to—I have just now three or four People to—

Ball. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir—I cannot for my Life, Sir—

Ball. Pray, Sir—

Plume. Twenty thousand things—I wou'd—but—now, Sir, pray—Devil take me—I cannot—I must—*[Breaks away.*

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you.

[Exit.

Rose. And I too.

[Exit.

SCENE, *The Walk by the Severn side.*

Enter Melinda, and her Maid Lucy.

Mel. And pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots? or, in what Shape was the Almighty Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his Favour?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last Bribe I had was from the Captain, and that was only a small piece of *Flanders Edging* for *Pinner's*.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders Lace* is as constant a Present from

Ball.

from Officers to their Women, as something else is from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and her Subjects of their Honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk so like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if it were my fault; the Crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it: Tho' he shou'd not see you this Week, can I help it? But as I was saying, Madam—his Friend, Captain *Plume*, has so taken him up this two Days.

Mel. Psha! wou'd his Friend the Captain were ty'd upon his Back; I warrant, he has never been sober since that confounded Captain came to Town: The Devil take all Officers, I say—they do the Nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad: No sooner a Captain comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a Man to our selves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy's* Absence, that you shou'd use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said to me these two Days: One may like the Love and despise the Lover, I hope; as one may love the Treason, and hate the Traytor. O! here comes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the Assurance to fancy himself a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he shou'd speak o'th' Assignment, I shou'd be ruin'd. [*Aside.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Truth to the Touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*] Ma-

dam,

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dam, I am your humble Servant, and all that, Madam—A fine River this same *Severn*—Do you love Fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amusement for Lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines presently; for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in *Flanders* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in Love before; and split me, Madam, in all the Campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a Woman as your Ladyship.

Mel. And from all the Men I ever saw, I never had so fine a Compliment; but you Soldiers are the best bred Men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam—But there are Brutes among us too, very sad Brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable—I have had very considerable Offers, Madam—I might have marry'd a *German* Princess, worth fifty thousand Crowns a Year, but her Stove disgusted me.—The Daughter of a *Turkish* Bashaw fell in Love with me too, when I was Prisoner among the Infidels; she offer'd to rob her Father of his Treasure, and make her Escape with me; but I don't know how, my Time was not come; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Destiny; Fate has reserv'd me for a *Shropshire* Lady with Twenty thousand Pound—Do you know any such Person, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many Ladies of that Fortune, wou'd be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen*.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentleman?—Come, Captain, we'll walk this way, give me your Hand.

C

Braz.

The Recruiting Officer.

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your Service.—*Mr. Worthy*, your Servant, my Dear.

[*Exit, leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and Fire, this is not to be born.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March Beer* at the *Raven*; I have been doubly serving the *Queen*—raising Men, and raising the *Excise*—Recruiting and Elections are rare Friends to the *Excise*.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty witty. Reason still keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a Frolick.

Plume. As fit as close Pinner for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Vessel from that *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to Day; she is call'd the *Melinda*, a First Rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your Advice, I wou'd take no notice, because I wou'd seem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour; but have a Care of a Quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups, but an Oyster-Wench, or a Cook-Maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down: But heark'e my Friend, I'll make Love, and I must make Love. I tell you what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand 'faith; most Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [*Exit.*]

Plume. Soh; now must I look as sober, and as demure, as a Whore at a Christning.

Enter

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Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother Officer of yours, I suppose, Sir.

Braz. Ay!—my Dear. [To Plume.]

Plume. My Dear. [Run and embrace.]

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your Name, my Dear? if I be not mistaken, I have seen your Face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my Life, my Dear—But there's a Face well known, as the Sun's that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any Pretensions, Sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at home, Sir, for Ages serv'd this cruel Fair—And that will serve the turn, Sir?

Mel. So, between the Fool and the Rake, I shall bring a fine spot of Work upon my Hands—I see *Worthy* yonder—I cou'd be content to be Friends with him, wou'd he come this way. [Aside.]

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou Peerless Princess of Salopian Plains,

Envoy'd by Nymphs, and worshipp'd by the Swains.

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet—I shall be out—

Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide,

To greet thee, Princess of the Severn side.

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam——If he were not so well dress'd, I should take him for a Poet;—But I'll shew the Difference presently—Come, Madam—we'll place you between us; and now the longest Sword carries her. [Draws.]

Mel. [Sbricking.]

Enter Worthy.

Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these Mad-men.

[Exit with Worthy.]

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir? and fight the bold Ravisher.

C 2

Braz.

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Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, and I won't be your Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty Pistoles in *France*, and my Enemies thousands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia in Man's Apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye, Gentlemen.

Braz. My Dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently.—Your Name, my Dear?

Syl. *Wilful*; *Jack Wilful*, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentish Wilfuls*, or those of *Staffordshire*?

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at present.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither Home, House, nor Habitation, beyond this Spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids me fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young Rogue.

Braz. You shall receive your Pay, and do no Duty. [Kisses]

Syl. Then you must make me a Field Officer.

Plume.

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Plume. Pho, pho ! I'll do more than all this ; I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir ?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your Business is done—I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Syl. Your Promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse ; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in Town ; pray, which of you is Captain *Plume*.

Plume. I am Captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I'm Captain *Plume*.

Syl. Hey day !

Plume. Captain *Plume* ! I'm your Servant my dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen* ! I am yours—the Fellow dares not fight.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please—[*Goes to whisper Plume.*]

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Captain *Plume*, your Serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot.—Here, my Hector of *Holborn*, forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banes.—Look'e, Friend, you shall list with Captain *Brazen*.

Syl. I will see Captain *Brazen* hang'd first ; I will list with Captain *Plume* ; I am a Free-born Englishman, and will be a Slave my own way—Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me ? [To *Brazen*.

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, [To *Plume*.] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad Dog.

Syl. A very sad Dog ; give me the Money, noble Captain *Plume*.

Plume. Then you won't list with Captain *Brazen* ?

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dispute presently——Heark'e, my Dear. [*Takes Plume to one side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.*]

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I am his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What ! You are Serjeant *Kite*.

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I wou'd not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite. A very understanding Youth of his Age ! Pray, Sir, let me look full in your Face ?

Syl. Well Sir, what have you to say to my Face ?

Kite. The very Image of my Brother ; two Bullets of the same Caliver were never so like : Sure it must be *Charles, Charles*——

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles* ?

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in *Effa ut flat* : My dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the Fortune to enter into the most noble Society of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if anybody's.

Kite. Ambition there again ! 'Tis a noble Passion for a Soldier ; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambition ! I see a Commission in his Face already : Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to salute you.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Syl. What, Men kiss one another.

Kite. We Officers do : 'Tis our way ; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting :——But I see a Storm a coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain scorns Assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword ? But you are a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad ; I excuse that, but prethee resign the Man, prithee do ; you are a very honest Fellow.

Plume.

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Plume. You lye : and you are a Son of a Whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to Brazen.*]

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the Lady ?

[*Retiring.*]

Plume. I always do—But for a Man I'll fight Knee deep, so you lye again. [*Plume and Brazen fight a Traverse or two about the Stage ; Sylvia draws, who is held by Kite, who sounds to Arms with his Mouth ; takes Sylvia in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*]

Braz. Hold, where's the Man ?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for ? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my Heart, my Dear. [*Putting up.*] I suppose *Kite* has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces.*]

Braz. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend ; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards—And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend, that Lady we frightened out of the Walk just now, I found in Bed this Morning—So beautiful, so inviting—I presently lock'd the Door—but I am a Man of Honour—but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless—Her twenty thousand Pound, you know, will be a pretty Conveniency—I had an Affignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my Sport. Curse you, my Dear, but don't do so agen—

Plume. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Business at present.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock meeting.

Rose. **W**Here have you been, ye great Booby ? you are always out of the way in the time of Preferment.

C 4

Bulk.

Bull. Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you! who shou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come, throw away that great Ciub, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Ruofe, Ruofe*, I fear some body will look big sooner than Folk think of: This genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers.—Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweet-heart, what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations:—I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the Taber and Pipe, so he has set him down for Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that Place for me? You know I always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commission in my Pocket, I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold Step, a rakish Tofs, a smart Cock, and an impudent Air to be the principal Ingredients of a Captain—What's here? *Rose!* my Nurse's Daughter!—I'll go and practise.—Come, Child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses Rose.*] and her Brother too!—Well, honest Dungfork, do you know the difference between a Horse and a Cart, and a Cart Horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your Worship is a Captain, by your Cloaths and your Courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, Friend?

Rose. No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome Man, there be others as fine as you, my Brother's engag'd to Captain *Plume*.

Syl. Plume! Do you know Captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me—He took the Ribbands out of his Shirt Sleeves, and put 'em into my Shoes—See there—I can assure you, that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bull.

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Bull. That is, in a modest way, Sir,—Have a care what you say, *Ruofe*, don't shame your Parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So !—And pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child ?

Rose. I expect, Sir,—I expect—But he order'd me to tell no body.—But suppose that he should promise to marry me ?

Syl. You shou'd have a care my Dear; Men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wauns, *Ruofe*, what have you said ?

Syl. Afterwards ! After what ?

Rose. After I had sold my Chickens.—I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my Market Woman !

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir.—Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, Friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good Right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualifie my self for the Service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the Service ?

Syl. Yes, Sir : So let her go.

Rose. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice—Will you belong to me or to that Gentleman ?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural Unconstancy of her Sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me ?

Bull. Don't be angry, Sir, that my Sister should be Mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee Child!—I'll set thee above Scandal; you shall have a Coach with six before and six behind, an Equipage to make Vice fashionable, and put Vertue out of Countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbeloe Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Ruofe*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain *Brazen* this Minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her: I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to sell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Caprain, do not send *Ruofe* to the *West-Indies*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies*! No, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do—This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose*.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take Care of you, upon my Word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take Care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—What wou'd you be?

Bull. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major——

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd——But what think you of Barrack-Master? You are a Person of Understanding, and Barrack-Master you shall be.——

But

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But what's become of this same *Cartwheel* you told me of, my Dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.—Come, Brother Barrack-Master——We shall find you at home, noble Captain?

[*Exeunt Rose and Bullock.*]

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your forty Shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your listing Money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for Love—of that Wench, I mean.—For you must know, that among my other Sallies, I have spent the best part of my Fortune in search of a Maid, and cou'd never find one hitherto; so you must be assur'd I'd sell my Freedom under a less Purchase than I did my Estate.—So before I list, I must be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that Point till you try; but upon my Honour she may be a Vestal for ought I know to the contrary.—I gain'd her Heart indeed by some trifling Presents and Promises, and knowing that the best Security for a Woman's Soul is her Body, I wou'd have made my self Master of that too, had not the Jealousie of my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accomplishing your Designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all, I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her Followers. The Women, you know, are the Loadstones every where; gain the Wives, and you are caress'd by the Husbands; please the Mistress and you are valu'd by the Gallants; secure an Interest with the finest Women at Court, and you procure the Favour of the greatest Men.—So kiss the prettiest Country Wenches, and you are sure of listing the lustiest Fellows. Some People may call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, since it is so main a part of the Service.—Besides the Fatigue of Recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we cou'd make ourselves some Plea-

sure amidst the Pain, no mortal Man wou'd be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am satisfy'd as to the Point in Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your Recruiting Airs, put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Usage I must expect when I am under your Command?

Plume. You must know, in the first place, then, that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company; for they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous; and 'tis a constant Maxim amongst us, that they who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your Company; and I can't tell how it is, but I shou'd be uneasie to see you under the Command of any body else—Your Usage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small Fault, I will excuse it, if a great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest Punishment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest Dangers in your Profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you—And now your Hand, this lifts me—And now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your Friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath? There's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I must beg—This Affair will make some noise, and I have some Friends that wou'd censure my Conduct, if I threw my self into the Circumstance of a private Centinel of my own Head—I must therefore take care to be impress'd by the Act of Parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that—Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my Bed.

Syl.

The Recruiting Officer.

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Syl. O fy! Lie with a common Soldier! Wou'd not you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World imagines; I have got an Air of Freedom, which People mistake for Lewdness in me, as they mistake Formality in others for Religion—The World is all a Cheat; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs which is hypocritical. I hurt no Body but my self, and they abuse all Mankind——Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my Bed-fellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident: We are so weak, that we can do nothing without Assistance, and then a Secret wracks us worse than the Cholick—I am at this Minute so sick of a Secret, that I'm ready to faint away—Help me, *Lucy*.

Luc. Bless me, Madam! What's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover—If *Sylvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults for the Ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, Madam; am not I worthy to know the Cause?

Mel. You are a Servant, and a Secret may make you sawcy.

Luc. Not unless you shou'd find Fault without a Cause, Madam.

Mel. Cause, or not Cause, I must not lose the Pleasure of chiding when I please; Women must discharge their Vapours somewhere, and before we get Husbands our Servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a Degree above a Servant: You know my Family, and that 500*l.* would set me upon the foot of a Gentlewoman,

woman, and make me worthy the Confidence of any Lady in the Land; Besides, Madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great Design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your Design can be of any great Advantage to you: 'Twill please me, indeed, in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me, so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred Pound upon my Day of Marriage.

Luc. That is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

Mel. O *Lucy*! I can hold my Secret no longer: You must know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a Curiosity, which has cost me dear: That Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of his Bosom-Favourites, he has told me the most surprizing things of my past Life.

Luc. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprizing because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprizing; he said I should die a Maid!

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing—Dear Madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four and twenty Hours—And did you ask him any Questions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid—But the Devil was a Liar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid—I have put it out of his Power already.

Mel. I do but jest, I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd my self *Lucy*; but he presently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole History of my Life—He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and describ'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present Indifference—

I fled

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I fled to him for Refuge here to Day, he never so much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the Accident, because it might give the Town cause to censure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless Bow, and walk'd off: 'Sdeath! I cou'd have stab'd him, or my self, 'twas the same thing——Yonder he comes——I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the Fortune-teller told you: Men are scarce, and as Times go, it is not impossible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the Iron is hot—You have a great deal of Courage, Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were so lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, because I had Business in another Place, and came hither, thinking to meet another Person.

Mel. Since you find your self disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her Fan.*] Will you please to take Snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up, Brazen takes her round the Waste, she cuffs him.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Insolence?

Luc. Are you mad? Don't you see Mr. Worthy?

[*To Brazen.*]

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy!* 'odso!
well

well turn'd—My Mistress has Wit at her Fingers ends—Madam, I ask your Pardon, 'tis our way abroad—Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happiness very much, if the Lady can afford no other sort of Favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I am sorry the Favour miscarry'd; for it was design'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assur'd 'tis the last and only Favour you must expect at my Hands—Captain, I ask your Pardon— [Exit with Lucy.

Braz. I grant it—You see, Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a Random-shot, it might have taken off your Head as well as mine: Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you.

[Exit.

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* Advice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a Stranger to her Pride?

Enter *Plume*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battel Royal: Don't frown so, Man, she's your own, I tell you; I saw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Passion: The Wildness of her Anger is a certain Sign that she loves you to Madness. That Rogue *Kite* began the Battel with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what could be the meaning of *Brazen's* Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to draw Consequences from the Actions of Fools: There's no arguing by the Rule of Reason upon a Science without Principles, and such is their Conduct—Whim, unaccountable Whim hurries 'em on like a Man.

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Man drunk with Brandy before Ten a Clock in the Morning—But we lose our Sport—*Kite* has open'd above an hour ago, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *A Chamber; a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite *disguis'd in a strange Habit, sitting at a Table.*

Kite. [Rising.] By the Position of the Heavens, gain'd from my Observation upon these Celestial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tyde-waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant of Granadeers; and this is the System of *Kite* the Conjuror.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Success?

Kite. I have sent away a *Shoemaker* and a *Taylor* already; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons—I am to manage them at Night—Have you seen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy*?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shew'd her her Name, that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last Stroke.

Plume. What Letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear that you shou'd break Windows in good earnest.

[Knocking at the Door.]

Kite. Officers to your Posts.

[Exeunt *Plume and Worthy.*

Mind the Door.

[Servant opens the Door.]

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Master, are you the Cunning Man?

Kite. I am the learned *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, Master, I'm but a poor Man, and I can't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have something that's good for my Shilling, or I'll have my Money again.

Kite.

Kite. If there be faith in the Stars, you shall have your Shilling forty fold—Your Hand, Country-man, you're by Trade a *Smith*.

Smith. How the Devil shou'd you know that ?

Kite. Because the Devil and you are Brother-Trademen—You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith. *Forceps*, what's that ?

Kite. One of the Signs: There's *Leo*, *Sagittarius*, *Forceps*, *Furnes*, *Dixmude*, *Namur*, *Brussels*, *Charleroy*, and so forth—Twelve of 'em—Let me see—Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-Bullets ?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will—The Stars have decreed, that you shall be—I must have more Money, Sir,—Your Fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your Arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what Arrears ?

Kite. The five hundred Pound that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me !

Kite. Owing you, Sir—Let me see your t'other Hand—I beg your Pardon, it will be owing to you: And the Rogue of an Agent will demand Fifty per Cent. for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I'm above 'em, among the Stars—In two Years, three Months and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the Grand Train of Artillery, and will have ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants—'Tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immoveable as your Anvil—Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot—Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor ? I wish the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine Place.

Kite.

Kite. The Stars do——let me see——ay, about an Hour hence walk carelessly into the Market-place, and you'll see a tall, slender Gentleman, cheapning a Pennyworth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button——This Gentleman will ask you what's a Clock——He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune——Follow him, follow him——And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children; an Hour hence exactly is your time.

Smith. A tall slender Gentleman, you say, with a Cane! Pray, what sort of Head has the Cane?

Kite. An Amber Head with a black Ribband.

Smith. And pray, of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me see, he's either a Collector of the Excise, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Grana-deers——I can't tell exactly which——but he'll call you honest——your Name is——

Smith. *Thomas.*

Kite. He'll call you honest *Tom.*

Smith. But how the Devil shou'd he know my Name?

Kite. O there are several sorts of *Toms*——*Tom o' Lincoln*, *Tom-tit*, *Tom Tell-troth*, *Tom a Bedlam*, and *Tom Fool*——Be gone——An Hour hence precisely.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Smith. You say, he'll ask me what's a Clock?

Kite. Most certainly——And you'll answer you don't know——And be sure you look at *St. Mary's Dial*; for the Sun won't shine, and if it shou'd, you won't be able to tell the Figures.

Smith. I will, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Plume. Well done, Conjurer, go on and prosper.

[*Behind.*]

Kite. As you were.

Enter a Butcher.

What my old Friend *Pluck the Butcher!*——I offer'd the surly Bull-dog five Guineas this Morning, and he refus'd it.

[*Aside.*]

But.

Kite.

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But. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's Half a Crown—
And now you must understand.—

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your Business before-hand.—

But. You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well know it my self.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend—You have a foolish Saying, that such a one knows no more than the Man in the Moon: I tell you, the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon see all the World?

But. All the World see the Moon, I must confess.

Kite. Then she must see all the World, that's certain—Give me your Hand.—You're by Trade, either a *Butcher* or a *Surgeon*.

But. True, I am a *Butcher*.

Kite. And a *Surgeon* you will be, the Employments differ only in the Name—He that can cut up an Ox, may dissect a Man; and the same Dexterity that cracks a Marrow-bone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, Patience, Mr. *Surgeon-General*; the Stars are great Bodies, and move slowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by *Surgeon-General*, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worship won't have Patience, I must beg the Favour of your Worship's Absence.

But. My Worship! my Worship! but why my Worship?

Kite. Nay then, I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor—

Kite. Fire and Fury, Sir! [*Rises in a Passion.*] Do you think the Stars will be hurry'd? Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordships at this Rate?—Sir, I am Porter to the Stars, and I am order'd to let no Dun come near their Doors.

But.

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But. Dear Doctor, I never had any dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny—But since you are their Porter, please to accept of this Half-Crown to drink their Healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me see your Hand then once more—Here has been Gold—Five Guineas, my Friend, in this very Hand this Morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil—Pray, Doctor, were you born of a Woman? or, did you come in to the World of your own Head?

Kite. That's a Secret—This Gold was offer'd you by a proper handsome Man, call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or—

But. *Kite* you mean.

Kite. Ay, ay, *Kite*.

But. As arrant a Rogue as ever carry'd a Halbard. The impudent Rascal would have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! a Man of your Substance for a Soldier! Your Mother has an hundred Pound in hard Money, lying at this Minute in the Hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place.

But. Oons! and so she has, but very few know so much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite* knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to list, because he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the Hundred for your Discharge.

But. There's a Dog now—'s flesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other half-Crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much Danger as any Man in the County of *Salop*.

But. There's your Fee—but you have forgot the Surgeon-General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Passion. [*Looks on his Books.*] But now they are pacify'd agen—Let me see, did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But.

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say, no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful Changes have I seen——The Second, or Third, ay, the Third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be shatter'd by a great Shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your Cleaver chop off the Limb at a Blow: In short, the Operation will be perform'd with so much Dexterity, that with general Applause you will be made Surgeon-General of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*, but I have no Thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no Thoughts! what's matter for your Thoughts, the Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Justices can't press me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an Hour and half hence, that's all, farewell.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor; Surgeon-General! What is the Place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred Pounds a Year, besides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred Pounds a Year!——An Hour and a half hence, you say.

Kite. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome; here's such a Work to make a Booby Butcher accept of Five hundred Pound a Year——But if you must hear it——I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your Stall an Hour and half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his Hand, and the Tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket; he'll ask you the Price of a

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Loin of Veal, and at the same time stroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us ! *Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kite. Look'e there—What I say is true—things that are to come, must come to pass—Get you home, sell off your Stock, don't mind the whining and the sniveling of your Mother and your Sister—Women always hinder Preferment—make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his Name begins with a *P*—mind that—There will be the *Barber's* Daughter too, that you promis'd Marriage to,—she will be pulling and halling you to Pieces.

But. What ! know *Sally* too ? He's the Devil, and he needs must go that the Devil drives. [*Going.*] The Tip of his Hankerchief out of his left Pocket ?

Kite. No, no, his right Pocket ; if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him.

[*Exit.*

Plume. The right Pocket, you say.

[*Behind with his Pocket-book.*

Kite. I hear the rustling of Silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam *Melinda*.

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. *Tycho*, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we shà'n't stay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what ?

Kite. For a Husband—For your part, Madam, you won't stay for a Husband. [*To Lucy.*

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converse with the Stars, or the Devil ?

Kite. With both ; when I have the Destinies of Men in search, I consult the Stars ; when the Affairs of Women come under my Hands, I advise with my t'other Friend.

Mel. and have you rais'd the Devil upon my account ?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc.

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Luc. Oh Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that because I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Reason, or frighted out of my Senses? Come, shew me this Devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-Book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady—the Devil is a very modest Person, he seeks no Body, unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up like a Mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose—You come to me to have your Fortune told—Do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are so irregular, that nothing less than the Devil can give any account of them. Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll shew you a Trial of my Skill—Here, you *Cacademo del Plumo*—exert your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Word *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her own Hand-writing—do it at three Motions—one—two—three—'tis done—Now, Madam, will you please to send your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.* Here, *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*, give me the Bone, Sirrah. There's your Name upon that square Piece of Paper, behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a Tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not so like your

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your Hand neither, and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chamber-maid now will out-lie the Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they sha'n't impose upon us; People can't remember their Hands, no more than they can their Faces——Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper, then we'll compare the two Names.

[*Takes out a Paper, and folds it.*

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam——here's Pen and Ink.

[*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the Paper.*

Luc. Let me see it, Madam, 'tis the same—the very same.—But I'll secure one Copy for my own Affairs.

[*Aside.*

Mel. This is Demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, Madam——The Word Demonstration comes from *Demon* the Father of Lies.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pray, what Account can you give of my future Fortune?

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Course round this earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Happiness or Misery.

Mel. What! So near the Crisis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me see——About the Hour of Ten to morrow Morning you will be saluted by a Gentleman, who will come to take his Leave of you, being design'd for Travel; his Intention of going abroad is sudden, and the Occasion a Woman. Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the other.—In short, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of Man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman and a Lover, that is, a Man of very good Sense, and a very great Fool.

D

Mel.

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam——because it is so——A Woman's Reason is the best for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten a Clock, you say?

Kite. Ten——about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives Money.*] *Lucy*, have you any Questions to ask?

Luc. Oh, Madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your Patience till another time; for I expect more Company this Minute; besides, I must discharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, discharge us first!

Kite. *Tycho*, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleas'd to wish me Joy to Day, I hope to be able to return the Compliment to Morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best Compliment to you that ever I made in my Life, if you do; but I must be a Traveller, you say?

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey day! you don't profess Midwifry, Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuscade.

[*Exeunt Plume and Worthy.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear?

Kite. Yes, my Dear; but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gun-powder. Thus I fortifie my self; [*Draws a Circle round him.*] and now, Captain, have a Care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines! What dost talk of Lines! You have something like a Fishing-Rod there, indeed; but I come

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come to be acquainted with you, Man——What's your Name, my Dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in London of your Name——Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra*.

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no Country in *Christendom*, I'm sure, unless it be some Place in the Highlands in *Scotland*.

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear; I am going to be marry'd——I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune that loves me to Madness, Fits, Collick, Spleen, and Vapours——shall I marry her in four and twenty Hours, ay, or no?

Kite. I must have the Year and Day of the Month when these Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love-Letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think Billet-Deux are like Bank-Bills?

Kite. They are not so good——but if they bear no Date, I must examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you shall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my Books for a Minute, I'll send this Letter inclos'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my Heart——I must give him——[*Puts his Hands in his Pocket.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity——Here:——[*Gives him Money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a Watch-Tower upon the Top of the highest Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of *Astrology*, and the Benefit of *Conundrums*. [*Exit.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million,

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let me see it, and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho ! let me see it ? [*Opening the Letter.*]
If she be a Jilt,—Damn her, she is one—There's
her Name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How ! Then I'll travel in good Earnest—
By all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy's Hand*.

Plume. *Lucy's !*

Wor. Certainly — 'tis no more like *Melinda's*
Character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* Contrivance to
draw in *Brazen* for a Husband—But are you sure 'tis
not *Melinda's Hand* ?

Wor. You shall see ; where's the bit of Paper I gave
you just now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon ?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same ; and is this
the malicious Name that was subscrib'd to the Let-
ter, which made Mr. *Ballance* send his Daughter in-
to the Country ?

Wor. The very same, the other Fragments I shew'd
you just now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long,
and to continue me so many Hours in the pernici-
ous Heresie of believing that Angelick Creature could
change : Poor *Sylvia* !

Wor. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain, ha,
ha, ha,—Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and
shall be mine ; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my Hopes— But for
her sake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

By some the Sex is blam'd without Design,
Light harmless Censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallys of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine.
Others the Justice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Esteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by cens'ring them.
But they secure in their all-conq'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of false Alarms;

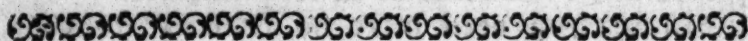
He

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*He magnifies their Conquests who complains,
For none won'd struggle were they not in Chains.*

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth A C T.



A C T. V.

SCENE, Justice Ballance's House.

Enter Ballance and Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be born, Mr. Ballance.

Ball. Look'e, Mr. Scale, for my own part I shall be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; they expose their Lives to so many Dangers for us abroad, that we may give them some Grains of Allowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Tenant; and if I mistake not, her Mother nurst a Child for you—Shall they debauch our Daughters to our Faces?

Ball. Consider, Mr. Scale, that were it not for the Bravery of these Officers, we should have *French* Dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither Liberty, Property, Wives, nor Daughters—Come, Mr. Scale, the Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same Heat that stirs them up to Love, spurs them on to Battel: You never knew a great General in your Life, that did not love a Whore. This I only speak in reference to Captain *Plume*—for the other Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any Body that does—Oh, here they come.

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Rose, Prisoners; Constable and Mob.

Const. May it please your Worships, we took them in the very Act, *re infetta*, Sir—The Gentleman, indeed, behav'd himself like a Gentleman; for he drew his Sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down, and said nothing.

D 3

Ball

Ball. Give the Gentleman his Sword again——
Wait you without. [*Exit Constable and Watch.*] I'm
sorry, Sir, [*To Sylvia.*] to know a Gentleman upon
such Terms, that the Occasion of our meeting should
prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no Apology for your
Warrant, no more than I shall do for my Behavi-
our——My Innocence is upon an equal Foot with
your Authority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you seduc'd that
young Maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goofecap, she seduc'd me.

Bull. So she did, I'll swear—— for she propos'd
Marriage first.

Ball. What, then you are marry'd, Child? [*To Rose.*]

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my Sorrow.

Ball. Who was Witness?

Bull. That was I—— I danc'd, threw the Stock-
ing, and spoke Jokes by their Bed-side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the Minister?

Bull. Minister! We are Soldiers, and want no Mi-
nister——They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool—— Your Appear-
ance, Sir, promises some Understanding; pray what
does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think—— but that you
know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two People
under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; some make
it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others
make it a Jest; but among Soldiers, 'tis most sa-
cred——Our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that
we lay down——The Hero jumps over it first, and
the Amazon after——Leap Rogue, follow Whore——
The Drum beats a Ruff, and so to Bed; that's all,
the Ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest Ceremony, so full of Pa-
ssion and Prodigality——

Ball. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am—— Will your Worship lend
me

me your Cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Ball. Take it, [*Strikes him over the Head.*] Pray, Sir, what Commission may you bear? [*To Sylvia.*

Syl. I am call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-men, Drawers, Whores, and Groom-porters in London; for I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien troussée*, a Martial Twist in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Perriwig, a Cane upon my Button, Piquet in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

Scale. Your Name, pray, Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch*: I cock my Hat with a Pinch, I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch; in short, I can do any thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Ball. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropshire*?

Syl. A Pinch, Sir: I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and so——

Ball. I understand you, Sir—Here Constable——

Enter Constable.

Take this Gentleman into Custody till farther Orders.

Rose. Pray your Worship don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless Man in the World, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take Care of you.

Syl. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom, and my Wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Ball. Heark'e, Constable. [*Whispers him.*

Const. It shall be done, Sir—Come along, Sir.

[*Exeunt Constable, Bullock and Sylvia.*

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the Spark presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Melinda's Apartment.

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis Ten exactly. [*Aside.*] And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our Quiet.

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the Occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be Charms in Variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not so fond of Variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it Prudence in you to run your self into a certain Expence and Danger, in hopes of precarious Pleasure, which at best never answers Expectation, as 'tis evident from the Example of most Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What Pleasures I may receive abroad, are indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less Cruelty among the most barbarous of Nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while; I fancy if we made up our Accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my Debt—My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promises, Affiduities, Anxieties, Jealousies, have run on for a whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year! Oh Mr. *Worthy*! What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven Years Servitude: How did you use me the Year before? When taking the Advantage of my Innocence and Necessity, you wou'd have made me your Mistress, that is, your Slave—Remember the wicked Insinuations, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences; then your impudent Behaviour, loose Expressions, familiar Letters, rude Visits; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'Tis your Interest that I shou'd forget: You have been barbarous
to

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to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one ballance the other— Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aside your adventuring Airs, and behave your self handsomely till *Lent* be over; here's my Hand, I'll use you as a Gentleman shou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a Gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my Poison. [*Kissing her Hand.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance's* Country-House to see my Cousin *Sylvia*; I have done her an Injury, and can't be easy, till I have ask'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My Coach is full; but if you will be so gallant as to mount your own Horses and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the worse Reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit leading Melinda.*]

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume and Kite.

Plume. A Baker, a Taylor, a Smith, and a Butcher—I believe the first Colony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The Butcher, Sir, will have his Hands full; for we have two Sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a Fellow too committed just now for stealing of Horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the Dragoons.—Have we ne'er a Poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gypsies is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Goose or a Turkey—Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir, I must go look after the Men. [*Exit.*]

Enter Brazen, reading a Letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour—Um, um, very well—My dear *Plume*! Give me a Buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my Dear: What hast got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thousand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thousand Pound; I have spent twenty times as much in the Service—Now, my Dear, pray advise me, my Head runs much upon Architecture; shall I build a Privateer or a Play-house?

Plume. An odd Question—a Privateer or a Play-house! 'Twill require some Consideration—Faith, I'm for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear—for in the first place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the Shallows.

Plume. Not so often as a Play-house.

Braz. But you know a Privateer may spring a Leak.

Plume. And I know that a Play-house may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we shou'd never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis just so in a Play-house—So, by my Advice, you shall fix upon a Privateer.

Braz. Agreed—But if this twenty thousand Pound shou'd not be in Specie—

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Hearn'e.

[*Whispers.*

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-side—and so forth—

[*Reads.*] For fear I shou'd be known by any of Worthy's Friends, you must give me leave to wear my Mask till after the Ceremony, which will make me for ever yours—Look'e there, my dear Dog.

[*Shews the bottom of the Letter to Plume.*

Plume.

Plume. *Melinda* ! And by this Light, her own Hand !——Once more, if you please, my Dear——Her Hand exactly !——Just now, you say ?

Braz. This Minute I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive ; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him ?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a Care, the very Eyes discover Secrets.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot and saddle, Captain, you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall : *Melinda* and I are agreed, she's gone to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow ; and cou'd we carry a Parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both ?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has secur'd a Parson already.

Wor. Already ! Do you know more than I ?

Plume. Yes, I saw under it her Hand——*Brazen* and she are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water-side, there to take Boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over to the *Elysian* Fields, if there be any such thing in Matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this——I tell ye, I saw *Melinda*'s Hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to Justice *Ballance*'s Country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to the Water-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent Word, that you need

not trouble your self to follow her, because her Journey to Justice *Ballance's* is put off, and she's gone to take the Air another way. [To *Worthy*.

Wor. How! her Journey put off!

Plume. That is, her Journey was a put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a Mile hence at the Water-side.

Wor. Up or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my Horses are ready——*Jack*, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch——I shall return presently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, *A Court of Justice* : *Ballance*, *Scale* and *Scruple upon the Bench* : *Constable*, *Kite*, *Mob*.

Kite and Constable advance forward.

Kite. Pray who are those honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice *Ballance*, he on the right is Justice *Scale*, and he on the left is Justice *Scruple*, and I am Mr. *Constable*, four very honest Gentleinen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your most obedient Servant : [*Saluting the Constable.*] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the same; for my Business is to keep People in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both Staff-Officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a Serjeant my self——of the Militia——Come, Brother, you shall see me Exercise: Suppose this a Musket now: Now I am shoulder'd.

[*Puts his Staff on's Right Shoulder.*

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a Con-

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stable's Staff ; but for a Musket, you must put it on the other Shoulder, my Dear.

Const. Adso ! that's true——Come, now give the Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will——We will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you Dog, Silence ! [*Strikes him over the Head with his Halberd.*]

Const. That's the way to silence a Man with a witness——What d'ye mean, Friend ?

Kite. Only to exercise you, Sir.

Const. Your Exercise differs so from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it ; if my own Captain had given me such a Rap, I had take the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scr. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends and sits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Prisoners——Here, that Fellow there——set him up——Mr. *Constable*, what have you to say against this Man ?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an' please you.

Ball. No ! what made you bring him hither ?

Const. I don't know, an' please your Worship.

Scale. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what sort of Men to take up ?

Const. I can't tell, an' please ye ; I can't read.

Scr. A very pretty Constable truly——I find we have no Business here.

Kite. May it please the Worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this Case, as being Counsel for the Queen.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since no Body else will speak, we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may spare him, and the Army wants him ; besides, he's cut out by Nature for a Granadeer ; he's five Foot ten Inches high ; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire*

shire Round with any Man in the Country ; he gets drunk every Sabbath-Day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lie, Sirrah, you lie, an' please your Worship, he's the best natur'dst, Pains-taking'st Man in the Parish, witness my five poor Children.

Scr. A Wife ! and five Children ! You Constable, you Rogue, how durst you impress a Man that has a Wife and five Children ?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen——Heark'e, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and five Children.

Plume. They live upon Wild-fowl and Venison, Sir ; the Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridge within five Mile round.

Ball. A Gun ! nay, if he be so good at Gunning, he shall have enough on't——He may be of use against the *French*, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scr. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Ballance* !

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you wou'd send him away ; you know I have a Child every Year, and you are afraid they shou'd come upon the Parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honest Woman has spoke it at once, the Parish had better maintain five Child this Year, than six or seven the next : That Fellow, upon his high Feeding, may get you two or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my Teeming-time, if there be a Man left in the Parish.

Ball. Send that Woman to the House of Correction——and the Man——

Kite. I'll take care o' him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*]

Scale. Here, you Constable, the next——Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Look ; what can you say against this Man, Constable ?

Const. Nothing, but that he's a very honest Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest Man in my Company, for the Novelty's sake.

Ball.

Ball. What are you, Friend ?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Cole-pits.

Scr. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no Man that has any visible Means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worships, this Man has no visible Means of Livelihood, for he works underground.

Plume. Well said *Kite*; besides, the Army wants Miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an Order of Government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the Neighbouring County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you underground like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scr. Well, Friend, what have you to say for your self ?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman ?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conscience.

Kite. May it please your Worship, she's with Child in Conscience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Mistress ?

Wom. My Husband—we agreed that I should call him Husband, to avoid passing for a Whore, and that he shou'd call me Wife to shun going for a Soldier.

Scr. A very pretty Couple ! pray, Captain, will you take 'em both ?

Plume. What say you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the Woman ?

Kite. Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the Sea-side, and there, if she has a mind to drown her self, we'll take care that no body shall hinder her.

Ball. Here, Constable, bring in my Man. [*Exit Constable.*] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, such as you never list'd in your Life. [*Enter Constable and Sylvia.*]

Ball.

Sylvia.] Oh! my Friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Respect to the Bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a Farthing for you nor your Bench neither.

Scr. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I say, and very fit for a Soldier.

Const. A Whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Ball. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their Necks every Day in the pursuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Const. May it please your Worships, I have a Woman at the Door to swear a Rape against this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I ravish'd 'em both Yesterday.

Ball. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll see him lifted immediately. [*Plume reads Articles of War against Mutiny and Desertion.*]

Syl. Hold, Sir,—Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any Violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, say but one Word more, and I'll build a Horse for you as high as the Ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome Journey that ever you made in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*, but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl.

Syl. 'Tis false——I am descended of as good a Family as any in your Country; my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Ball. He's certainly mad——Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more——Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your Child, wou'd you use me at this rate?

Ball. No, 'faith, were you mine, I wou'd send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the Army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my Father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a Man ever serv'd his Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the Loss of me may break his Heart.

Ball. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if you don't list him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. Kite, do you distribute the Levy-Money to the Men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir——Silence, Gentlemen. [*Plume reads the Articles of War.*]

Ball. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you, not to discharge this Fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more an't please your Worship.

Ball. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Constable let the rest escape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, because he said, the Act allow'd him but ten, so the odd Shilling was clear Gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two Guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the Book, 'tis for the good of the Service.

Mob. May it please your Worship, I gave him half a Crown to say that I was an honest Man; but now, since that your Worships have made me a Rogue, I hope I shall have my Money again.

Ball.

Ball. 'Tis my Opinion, that this Constable be put into the Captain's Hands; and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ransom by to Morrow Night—Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders*.

Scale, Scruple. Agreed, agreed.

Plume. Mr. Kite, take the Constable into Custody.

Kite. Ay, ay, —Sir, [*To the Constable.*] will you please to have your Office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your Staff, as your Betters have done before you? [*Constable drops his Staff.*]

Ball. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court—Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without taking the Law of me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy mask'd.

Braz. The Boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy with a Case of Pistols under his Arm.

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice. [*Going between 'em, and offering them.*]

Braz. What! Pistols! Are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and never use Pistols, the Sword is my way—and I wo'n't be put out of my Road to please any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you. [*Cocks one Pistol.*]

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Pistols—Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bout at Sharps; dam it, there's no parrying these Bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your Belly full of these, the Swords shall come in for second course.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: [*Takes one.*] And now, Sir, how many Paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my Shot till I am sure of you.

Braz.

The Recruiting Officer.

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Braz. Come, where's your Cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife. [*Unmasks.*]

Wor. *Lucy!* take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do—Huzza! [*Fires his Pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy Harry-dan, how those Bullets whistle; suppose they had been lodg'd in my Gizard now!

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my Money be safe. [*Searching his Pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the *Rose Tavern, Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four smart Napkins, I wou'd tell you another Story, my Dear. [*Exit.*]

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, she wrote her Name upon a piece of Paper at the Fortune-tellers last Night, which I put in my Pocket, and so writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda's* Journey put off?

Luc. At the Town's end she met Mr. *Ballance's* Steward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her Father's! This will be News to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ballance with a Napkin in his Hand, as risen from Dinner, and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the Evening, Sir; and then searching for her in the Chamber that was my young Master's, we found her Cloaths there; but the Suit that your Son left in the Press, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Ball. The white trim'd with Silver?

Stew. The same.

Ball. You ha'n't told that Circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your Worship.

Ball.

Braz.

Ball. And be sure you don't; go into the Dining-Room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall——

[*Exit.*

Ball. Was ever Man so impos'd upon? I had her Promise indeed, that she wou'd never dispose of her self without my Consent. I have consented with a Witness, given her away as my Act and Deed—And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the Villany, first of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he must have of me, to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant Passion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contrivance must be his—I'll know the Truth presently——

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my Men.

Ball. Does he keep Company with the common Soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Ball. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, 'faith, I offer'd him part of my Bed,—but the young Rogue fell in Love with *Rose*, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to Town.

Ball. So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Ball. All's safe, I find—Now, Captain, you must know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded; he said I shou'd heartily repent his being lifted, and so I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! For what Reason?

Ball. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a Family as any in this County, and he is Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Plume.

The Recruiting Officer. 93

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it—For I wanted but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Representative of the whole Commons of England.

Ball. Won't you discharge him ?

Plume. Not under an hundred Pound Sterling.

Ball. You shall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, Sir, you shall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir ; I value an Obligation to you much above an hundred Pound.

Ball. Perhaps, Sir, you sha'n't repent your Generosity—Will you please to write his Discharge in my Pocket-Book ? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, we'll send for the Gentleman. Who waits there ?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilfal*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the Door, enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up—Here's the Discharge, Sir.

Ball. Sir, I thank you—'Tis plain he had no hand in't. [*Aside.*]

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken Crew ; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten with as good a Man as your Worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of Respect, upon our Ignorance of your Quality—but now you are at Liberty—I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me !

Ball. Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your Father.

Syl. My Father ! Then I am discover'd—Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no Pardon.

Ball.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime shall be your Punishment; here Captain, I deliver her over to the Conjugal Power for her Chastisement; since she will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband—when she tells you of her Love, upbraid her with her Folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you wou'd any Body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you, *Sylvia*, in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a Jest, Sir?

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Ball. If you please to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have sav'd my Legs and Arms, and lost my Liberty; secure from Wounds, I am prepar'd for the Gout; farewell Subsistence, and welcome Taxes—Sir, my Liberty, and Hopes of being a General, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a year—But to your Love, Madam, I resign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Ambition—greater in obeying at your Feet, than commanding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is lost.

Ball. So am not I, Sir, since an honest Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Cousin *Sylvia*?

Ball. Your Cousin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your Cousin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a Woman should change; but, I hope, you'll excuse a Change that has proceeded from Constancy; I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within; and only laid by the Woman to make sure of my Man; that's my History.

Mel.

The Recruiting Officer. 95

Mel. Your History is a little Romantick, Cousin; but since Success has crown'd your Adventures, you will have the World o' your side, and I shall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an Injury I offer'd to you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, and the Reparation I expect shall be made to my Friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way—when my Cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I shan't hold out much longer.

Enter Braz.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours——Madam, I am not not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I——You have got a pretty House here, Mr. *Laconick*.

Ball. 'Tis time to right all Mistakes——My Name, Sir, is *Ballance*.

Braz. *Ballance*! Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole Generation——had not you an Uncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Islands some Years ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir——He play'd at *Billiards* to a Miracle——You had a Brother too that was a Captain of a Fireship——poor *Dick*——he had the most engaging way with him——of making Punch——and then his Cabbin was so neat——but his poor Boy *Jack* was the most comical Bastard——Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickl'd Dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your Project yet? Are you still for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer just now; I had like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiser under false Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, Captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my Sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with us: but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a Passion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company, as you cou'd be with mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Sister, she's something underbred; but if you please, I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl. She shall be my Charge, Sir; you may find it Business enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your Hand against me, I'll desert—

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care o' that, my Dear: Instead of the twenty thousand Pound you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd, at the rate they cost me—My Commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and less good Fortune—whilst I endeavour, by the Example of this worthy Gentleman, to serve my Queen and Country at home.

*With some Regret I quit the active Field,
Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield;
But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
Of endless Plague, Fatigue, and endless Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouse to stay,
And raise Recruits the Matrimonial way.* [Exeunt.

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